DELL JUNIOR TREASURY

NO. 7 10¢

Santa and the Angel

WINKIE'S RETURN

SANTA AND THE ANGEL

is a true classic. This charming, warm-hearted story has been a delight to adults as well as to children. First published in a Dell Comic in 1946, it was reprinted in the National Humane Review in December 1947. On Christmas Day of the same year, it was produced on TV.

Oskar Lebeck, author of SANTA AND THE ANGEL has written, drawn, and edited many stories for children. To all of them, he has brought the same kindly understanding of children and animals that is found in WINKIE'S RETURN. This sequel to SANTA AND THE ANGEL is a story that you will remember affectionately for a long time to come.

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Santa and the Angel

Winkie's First Trip

The stars were glistening
And shining bright,
Far up in heaven
On Christmas night.
The little angels
Had polished them all
Each every one,
Since early in fall.
Now they were shining
In all their glory,
A twinkling setting
For Winkie's own story.

While polishing stars
He got all tired out
Until he had fallen
Asleep on his cloud.

The cloud drifted down
To Earth, as he slept.
Poor Winkie was lost.
He bitterly wept.
With chattering teeth
In the snow he hovered
Until by some animals
He there was discovered
Through the big forest
The news spread around,
Of the little lost angel,
And how he'd been found.
Out of every den
And from every tree
The animals came
The angel to see.
They warmed up Winkie
Until from his toes,
He was warm as toast

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To the tip of his nose.
They made him forget
His "being lost" feeling.
Soon through the woods
Winkie's laughter was pealing.
The animals then
Held a great big pow-wow,
About helping Winkie.
The question was how?
To return him to heaven
They knew they could not.
They decided instead

Back up to the stars
Little Winkie he took.
The animals laughed
As their fur coats they shook.
They were proud to have helped
And to've timed it just right
So Santa found Winkie
At the start of the night.
Each animal went
Back to its own den,
And each one had hopes
To see Winkie again.
They felt that they would,
But the question was—when?

On a woodchopper's hut.
They lifted Winkie
On the back of a deer
And marched to the hut
Which was not very near.
It had just turned dark,
The stars were twinkling,
When up in the sky
Some bells began tinkling.
Down came Santa Claus,
His reindeer and sleigh.
He saw the lost angel
Who on Earth shouldn't stay.

Santa and the Angel

Winkie's Return

The angels in heaven were just lining up for the Angel Chorus when Santa arrived in the nick of time.

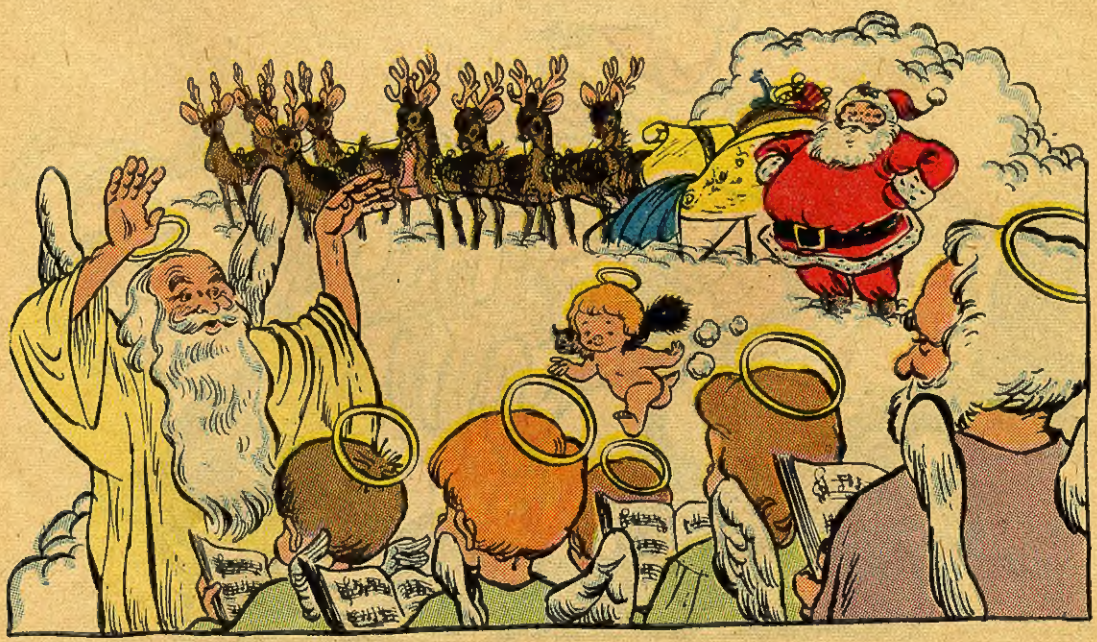
Winkie blinked his eyes when Santa woke him up. "Where am I?" He yawned and grinned happily when he saw Santa. "Oh, it's you, Santa," he said. "Oh, Santa, you are so good to me."

"We've got to hurry," said Santa, "they're going to start singing in a minute." He slipped the big red mitten off Winkie.

And there was a little squirrel—a stowaway squirrel—who had made the long trip up to heaven—hidden in Santa's mitten—snuggled up close to Winkie—and nobody had known it.

"Oh, dear," said Santa, "what are we going to do with a squirrel way up here?" He reached for the squirrel but it jumped onto Winkie's shoulder.

Winkie giggled and ran to take his place in the Angel Chorus because they had just begun to sing and there was no time to lose.



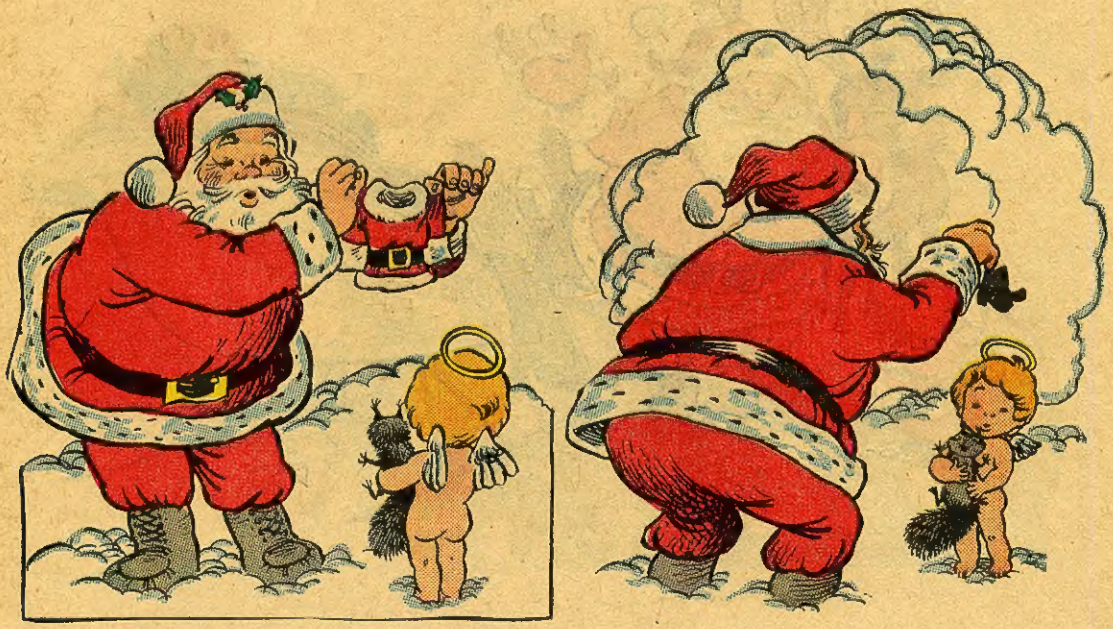
The other angels had a hard time keeping in tune—and their faces straight.

And the squirrel clung to Winkie very, very tightly—being the only one without wings—so high, high up among the stars.

Right after the singing, Santa came over and said, "I've got to bring the squirrel back down to Earth, Winkie. I have a wonderful idea."

"How about coming with me down to the forest? And *you'll* give your animal friends a real Christmas party. Ho-ho-ho, I can see you like that! I thought you would! . . . Here, look what I brought you!"

Santa held out a tiny little Santa Claus suit and a pair of shiny little black boots.



"For me?" said Winkie, his eyes growing big. Santa had to hold the squirrel while Winkie put on the red suit.

"Ho-ho-ho," laughed Santa, when the little squirrel got tangled in his long beard. "Ho-ho-ho-ho, wait. Here—put on the jacket this way, the slots in the back are for your wings, Winkie."

"And I have a special bag for you in my sleigh," boomed Santa, "chock full of presents for your friends."

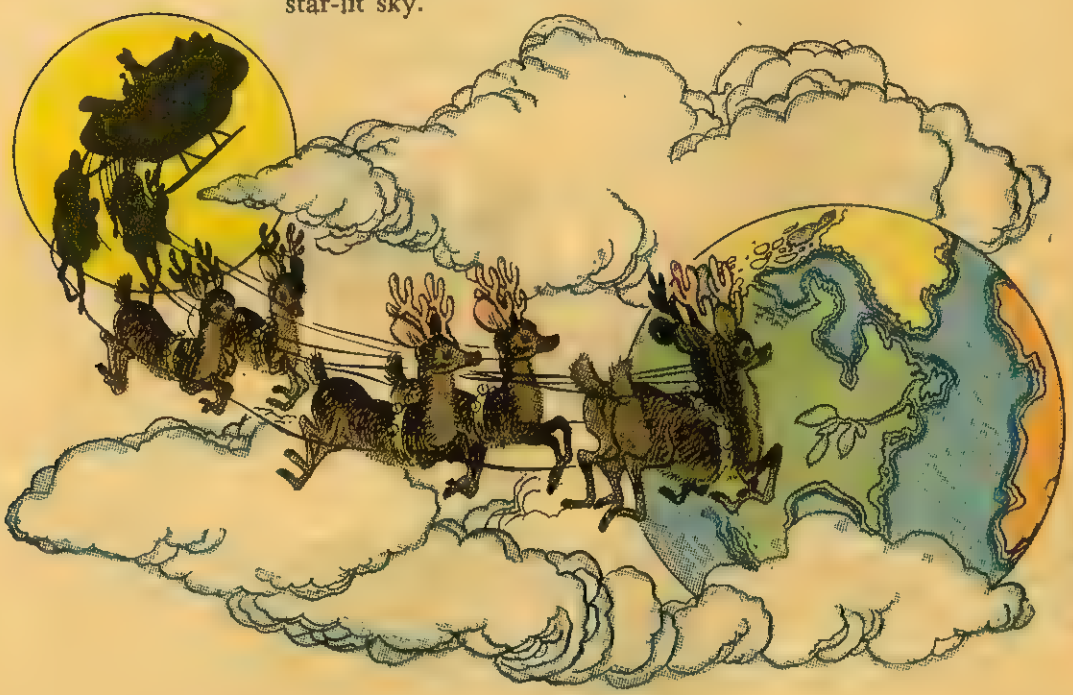
"Oh, Santa, you—you thought of everything."
"*I've got to.*" Santa closed one twinkling eye.
"Or they'd soon stop calling me SANTA CLAUS and I'd be out of my job."

The reindeer were prancing and dancing, eager to be off. They knew that this was the big night—a long, long journey—and lots, lots to do.

A great many angels fluttered around the sleigh as it started on its way and waved good-bye even long after it had disappeared in the clouds below.

"You know," said one little angel wistfully, "maybe next year, if we wish real hard, he'll bring all of us such a beautiful red suit as he gave little Winkie."

Hoofs a-flying, bells a-ringing, Santa's sleigh raced toward Earth, where millions of expecting eyes were looking up into the star-lit sky.



Going as fast as the wind, the sleigh soon came down upon a forest. Winkie recognized it immediately, and so did the little squirrel.

It swooped down on the very same clearing where Winkie's little cloud had landed. The reindeer shook their harness bells and stamped their hoofs in the snow.

Santa helped Winkie out of the sleigh and set the special bag down beside him. . . . Already, curious eyes were watching from hidden places.

Already, a whisper went through the forest. "The little angel has come back. Come to the clearing—the little angel has come back."

"Remember, Winkie. You promised not to get lost again. Have a MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS! I'll be back when the party is over." And with that, Santa was off in a flash.

A little pine tree standing alone on the clearing suddenly lit up and glittering ornaments of gold and silver covered all the branches.

Winkie began to sing.

From all around, the animals began to come to the clearing, singly and in groups.

"What's he making all the noise for?" asked the groundhog.
"Sh-ssh-ssch," hissed the deer. "He is singing a Christmas carol."

"What's he look like?" whispered the mole. "My eyes aren't what they used to be, you know. I get too much sand in 'em all the time."

"Bee-auuu-tiful," the squirrel whispered back. "Just the way Santa Claus must've looked when he was a little boy."

"Whoo-oo-ooh?" hooted an owl. "Stop whispering, young man, speak up, speak up so people can hear you."

More and more animals arrived with every minute and crowded around Winkie and the shimmering Christmas tree.

Winkie opened the bag. He didn't know what was in it. But Santa had said that it held just exactly what each of his animal friends had wished for.

"Presents! Presents! Presents!" shouted the animals, dancing up and down with glee.

"Whooo-ooh?" Ph-Pheasants? What's all the fuss about Ph-Pheasants, whoooh?" hooted the old owl and ruffled her feathers.

But everybody was too excited to answer. Winkie had taken the first things out of the bag and began handing them around.

They were party hats of all kinds and made the animals shout with laughter as they put them on.

And when Winkie began to unpack the real presents there was much ah-ing and oh-ing.

Next out of the bag came small boxes and bags of candies and other goodies. Soon everyone was munching and crunching.

"Ah! What a beautiful blanket," cried out the deer. "How it will protect me from the cold, damp ground and the bitter wind."

"Oh! How funny you all look," laughed the mole looking through his Christmas present, a pair of field glasses. "You look silly even without funny hats."

"Perhaps you'd like to see yourself in this," said the porcupine, holding out his gift, a shaving mirror. "You are a real beauty, my friend."

"All I can say is—Yum—Yum—Yummy!" grunted the bear, hugging a great big honey jar.

"What's that *you've* got, Mrs. Owl?" shouted the squirrel, cracking nuts with his gift, a shiny nutcracker, guaranteed to crack any size of nut and no matter how hard.

"Don't shout so, young man," hooted the owl, proudly wearing her new mechanical hearing aid. "Do you think I'm deaf?"

Winkie kept on handing out present after present. He couldn't get over it, wondering how clever Santa had been. Every animal had gotten exactly the thing it had wished for.

He hadn't made a single mistake. And when at long last the bag was empty not a single one had been forgotten. Everyone had received a Christmas present.

"But what about *you?*" cried the animals "*You* didn't get a present!"

"But I did!—I did!" laughed Winkie. He held up the bag. "This is my present from Santa, see?—*the finest and biggest present of all!*"

The animals shook their heads. All they could see was an empty bag.

But they saw that Winkie was happy.

They didn't know the secret that the greatest gift was *the joy of giving.*

And even Winkie didn't know the second secret. Only Santa knew. Santa was going to fill the bag again next Christmas—and every year thereafter—as long as Winkie wished to come down from Heaven to visit his animal friends and to bring them presents.

It was a wonderful Christmas party. And a long one.

It had no end—that is not until *Winkie's eyes began to wink* . . .

And that made his mouth open—to yawn.

And that made everybody yawn.

And that made them all close their eyes and huddle close together.

And that was how Santa found them.

Not a one heard the tinkling of the sleigh-bells.

Not a one saw him gently lift up Winkie.

Not a whisker stirred when he put Winkie onto the pillow of the sleigh.

Not even when the alarm clock went off. It was the ground hog's Christmas present, held tightly to its chest.

Santa shook with silent laughter.

He put his finger on his lips. The reindeer understood Silently the sleigh rose into the sky.

Winkie slept soundly all the way. Santa too began to doze. He was very tired from all his work.

But now that they were far away from the forest, the reindeer shook their harness and rang their bells to keep Santa awake. They knew his work was not finished until he had brought little Winkie back up into Heaven.

All the animals slept soundly. They dreamed about their party with smiling faces.

All kept on sleeping when the alarm clock went off for the *second* time.

All but the groundhog. He was busy trying to find the little jigger that would stop the alarm.

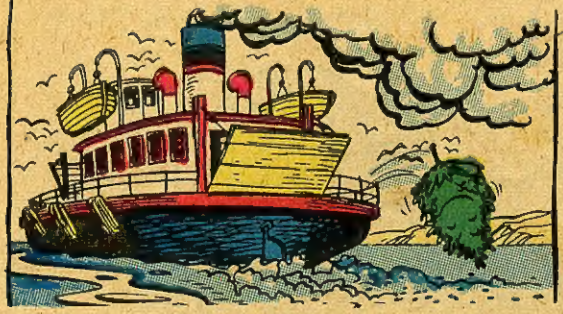
He should have treated his present better. He had set the alarm to go off at spring time.
No well-treated clock would be that far off.

The ground hog found the jigger and stopped the alarm. He didn't know it, but it was the exact time when Santa reached the stars and lifted Winkie out of his sleigh.

Thoughts about the GNU Year

At Christmas time,
At the City Zoo,
All the animals laugh,
But not the GNU.
The GNU,
For no particular reason,
Is mad
At each and every season.
By his look one can tell
That he knows no cheer,
And with the same face
He greets the New Year.
On New Year's Day,
At the City Zoo,
A happy year starts
For all but the GNU.

THE LITTLE LOST TREE



On his way to be a Christmas tree, a little green fir fell off the ferry-boat and into the sea.

All he knew about Christmas was that the most wonderful thing for a little fir tree was to be a Christmas tree.

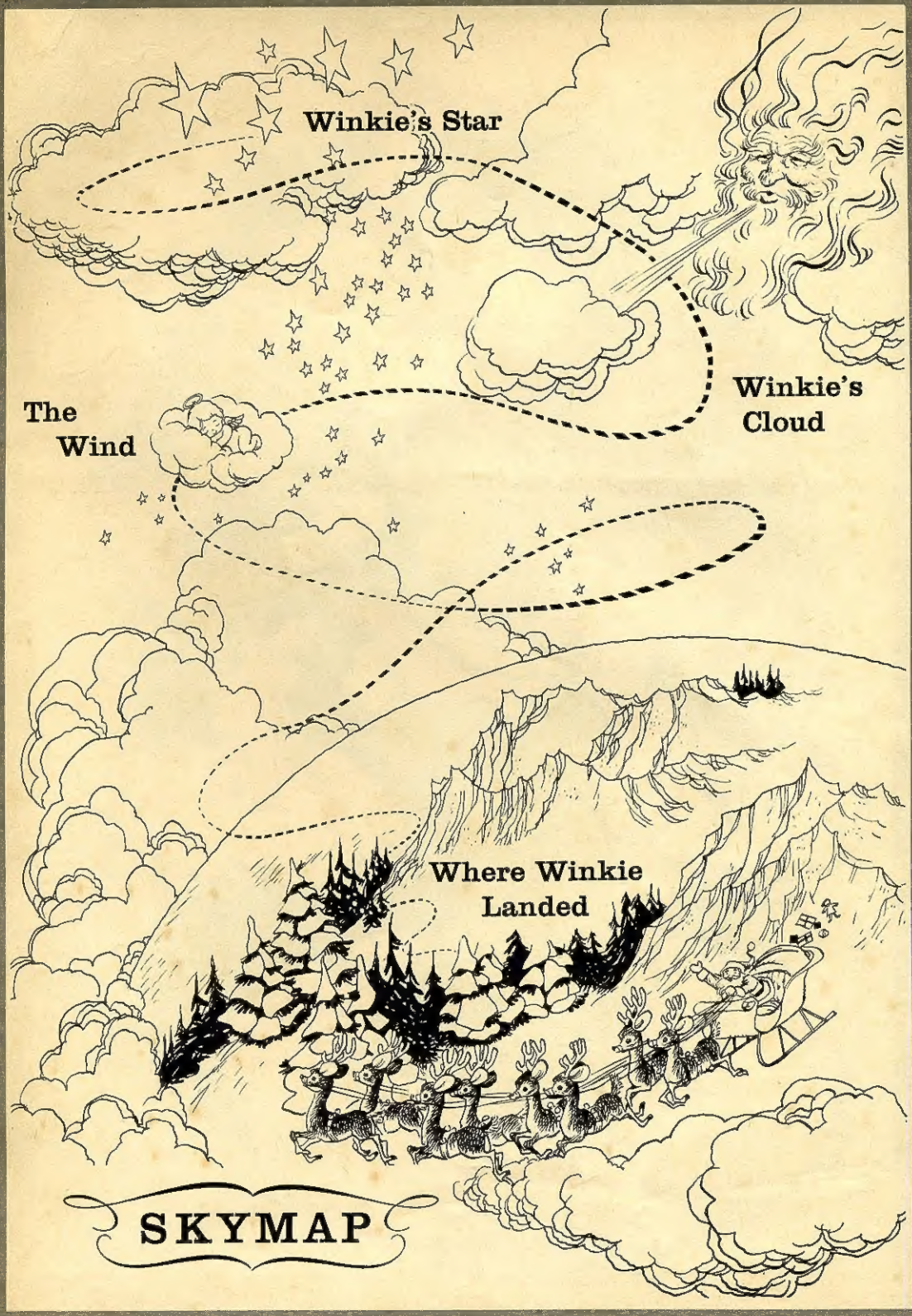
Thinking that this was Christmas, the little lost tree smiled happily at the fish as he drifted out into the ocean.

As it sank deeper and deeper, many other creatures of the sea came to visit the floating tree.

Live shiny bubbles and red sea stars nestled in the little tree's branches and decorated it.

—And when all the other trees of his season had dried up and long been forgotten, the "Lost Little Tree" lived happily enjoying the company of the sea creatures and grew more beautiful with every new decoration.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS


Winkie's Star
Winkie's Cloud
The Wind
Where Winkie Landed
SKYMAP